ANTI-PRIAPEIA:

OR, AN

ANSWER

TO

PRIAPEIA PRESBYTERIANA,

OR THE

Presbyterian Peezle.

In a LETTER from the GENERAL ASSEMBLY of *Scotland*, to their Miſſionary at *London*, Intercepted and Paraphraſed by *Ille ego qui Quondam*.

——Pudet, hæc opprobria nobis
Et dici potuiſſe, et non potuiſſe refelli.

[Price Twopence.

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ANTI-PRIAPEIA:

BEING AN

ANSWER

TO

Priapeia Presbyteriana, &c. †

‡ WITH woeful Phyz, and doleful Greeting
Of *Presbyt'ry*, at a full Meeting,
No less confounded and perplexed
Than *Newgate Birds*, at their last Exit:
When to the People they harangue it,
A little Space before they're hanged,
We let you wit, our dearest *Brother*,
That we are in a mighty Pother
About a Story, or a Ballad,
They *Presby-priapeia* call it;
And us, the Godly, to displease all,
They term't the *Presbyterian Peezle*.

A With

† The Text. ‡ The Exordium.

With which we are from *London* pelted,
So that our very Hearts are melted;
The *Saints* ſhould have a Fellow-feeling,
And ſo have we in this your dealing.

† We blame thee not for thy bold Sally
To *Drury*, or *Damnation-Alley*;
Nor for thy pious Zeal that ſtrives
To proſelyte thy Neighbour's wives;
Nor for thy Diligence, each Morning,
To ſerve the Flock with *Charge* of *Horning*:
But for thy Want of Circumſpection
In not preventing the Detection.

What tho' you longed for a *Raw-bit*,
'Twas in a Manner but a *Flea-bite*.
To tell the Truth, 'tis what we all did;
It is well known we are not gelded.
It was no Crime in Mr. *Davie*,
Nor would in you, but for the *Spavie*;
Tho' you was one of *Venus'* Martyrs,
And cloſe confin'd to Winter Quarters,
'Twas

† Doctrine.

'Twas venial, had you but kept it
From such as thus abroad have whipt it;
For, *Si non caste, saltem caute*,
Was our prime Maxim, and your Duty.

† The *Patriarch* of *Piccadilly*
Should not have play'd his Cards so silly;
Nor rashly ventur'd out at Random
In unknown Depths without a *C—nd—m*.
You might have Bellyful of Jogging,
Without the breaking of your *Noggin*.
And tho' you by Misfortune fell,
And crack'd your *Pitcher* at the *Well*;
You rather ought to be ashamed,
Than thus unwarily proclaim it.

When you discovered your Mishap,
The Symptoms of a *Pox* or *Clap*;
As *Runnings*, *Bubos*, *Blewbores*, *Shankers*,
Which round about your Thingum hankers;
In Strangers Hands you ought t' have fallen,
Who knew not of your Name or Calling,

† Use of Reproof.

And ſkilful ones, to ſave your *Tool*,
Ah! Brother, *Penny-wiſe*, *Pound Fool*.
It did no ſuit a wiſe Sojourner,
To truſt a *Tinker*, or a *TURNER*;
Or any other *Pettyfogger*,
With the demoliſhing his *Augre*.
The Conſequence might well affright ye,
The Matter dangerous and weighty;
On which (if not in Time amended)
The Fate of *Presbyt'ry* depended.

† But that which doth ſurprize us moſt,
Is thy Engagement with a *Poſt*.
Could neither *Virgin*, *Wife*, or *Widow*,
Allay the Rage of *Pin the Woody*,
That thy luxuriant ſportful *Taggy*
Muſt tilt with *Poſt*, inſtead of *Peggy*?
What! did you think that doughty *Driller*,
Could proſelyte a *Poſt* or *Pillar*?
We read indeed that Saint *Anthoine*
Had ſometimes preach'd to *Herds of Swine*,

And

† Uſe of Admiration.

And that he thought it not amiſs
To hold forth to a *Flock of Geeſe*;
But never ſought, by ſuch a Shock,
To proſelyte a *Stone* or *Stock*.
'Tis our Opinion, forſooth,
You better had confeſs'd the Truth,
Than move the Laughter of each *Tory*,
By ſo ridiculous a Story;
Now we (according to their Songs)
Convert more with our *Tails* than *Tongues*.

† Our Maliceing light on the *Whore*,
That firſt did catch the *Grand-Glengore*.
A curſe upon the *London Doxy*
That poiſon'd *Presby'try* with *Poxy*.
Curſe on thy Management a-lack,
That did diſcover it to *Quack*.
A curſe on *Quack* the Renegado,
That firſt did make it his Bravado.
Curſe on the Tongue that did reveal it;
Curſe on the hands that did not heal it.

Curſe

† Epiphonema.

Curse on the Quill, and what was in it,
That did so graphically pen it.
A Curse on him that first did hint it;
Curse on the Press wherein 'twas printed,
Curse on the Tongues, and on the Feet,
That cry it up and down the Street.

We thought a man of thy Performance
In Conquest might exceed the *Normans*;
For if thy Conduct in thy *Forage*
Had been but equal to thy Courage;
Then all the Hundereds of *Drury*
Would soon submit unto thy Fury;
And not a *Mally* or a *Maggy*
But what would tug for trusty *Taggy*.
The *English* Church, with all her Charms,
Would fly like lightning to thy Arms,
The *Scarlet Whore*, had you but kiss'd her,
Would soon become a *sighing Sister*.
Then would the Females of the Nations,
The *Turks* and *Tartars*, *Jews* and *Grecians*,
Flock to thy *Synagogue* for Shelter,
And bow before *Priapus'* Altar. And

And might do more, but for the *Pox*,
Than did our great Apoſtle *Knox*.
Then might you crow, take more upon ye,
Than did our Brother *Alberoni*;
And ſtrut it ſtoutly to and fro,
Grand Signior in *Seraglio*:
And drop ane Handkerchief *de manu*,
Unto ſome favourite *Sultana*.

† But now, alas! thou haſt undone us,
And all the World will plague and pun us:
The *Curates* into Taſk will take us,
And all our Friends and Flock forſake us.
We can no more reſiſt the *Steeple*,
Or blindfold the deluded People.
Now you muſt loyter and lye idle,
Having crack'd your *Nut*, or broke your *Bridle*:
And thy once celebrated *Wimble*,
Can now at beſt but *Barlofumble*:
Caſhiered as an uſeleſs Thing,
Juſt like a *Drone* that's loſt its Sting.

The

† Uſe of Lamentation.

The famous *Presbyterian Stallion*,
More stout and sturdy than *Pigmalion*,
Is now become an *Auld gau'd Avcr*,
Must go to *Chelsea*, and drink *Genevre*.
They can't deny you an Admittance,
Since *Venus* gives you an Acquittance:
Long have you served in her Wars,
And you can show prodigious Scars:
But now her *Champion* is worsted,
Since his great *Blunderbuss* is bursted;
By which we're like to loose much more
Than we have gain'd by thee before;
Which serves for use of *Lamentation*
To all the Godly of the Nation.

† The Fact appears so well attested,
And your Privado's have confess'd it;
So that the Matter's past Denial,
And heretofore had been in Trial:
Besides, your Fellow-Partner, *Butcher*,
Is an irrefragable Voucher.

What

† Use of Information.

What can be ſaid in thy Defence,
Againſt both Fact and Evidence?
And ſo, ſince what is ſaid is Truth,
Pray lay thy Hand upon thy Mouth:
For us indeed we ſhould not wiſh you
To put the Proceſs to an Iſſue.
But we're informed by laſt Pacquet,
That you have made a mighty Racket
About it; whereas, in a Word,
You do but tread in your own Turd:
How ſo? Becauſe, the more you tread it,
The more you'll ſtink, and further ſpread it.

† As for the Author, we can tell you,
He is no deſpicable Fellow;
And his Deſcription of thy Battle
Shews that he is a Man of Mettle.
How he transform'd, alas! poor Grub,
Your Preaching to a powdering Tub.
Nor could a *Jeſuit* or *Biſhop*,
A bawdy Story better diſh up.

† Uſe of Inſtruction.

To mell with him, upon our Charter,
You will at laſt but catch a *Tartar*.

He knows our Myſteries and Maxims,
Our ſecret Cabala, and Axioms,
Our Politics, and Artifices,
Our deep Intrigues, and hidden Vices;
Can harm us more with ſmutty Jeſts
Than a Battalion of Prieſts;
And will lampoon us out of Credit,
Unleſs you ſpeedily remeed it.

Ah! Should he hear th' unhappy Noiſe,
That's made about Mas *James Bois*;
That other more unnatural Fire,
That has been kindled in *Kintyre*,
Whoſe *Synagogue*'s become a *Sodom*,
Which does abaſh us *ultra modum*,
And now may turn to our Confuſion,
Tho' we ſuppreſs'd the Proſecution;

If

If this *Presbyt'ro-Maſtix* Waggy,
Should hear of this as well's thy *Taggy*;
'Twould make us curſe the day we've ſeen
A Maſter *James* from *Aberdeen*.
Another Story, ſhould he ſmell it,
Might be the Subject of a Ballad;
Whereby we're ſhroudly charg'd with Witch-craft,
Black Necromancy, and all ſuch Craft.
And this Aſſembly, as we hear,
Will try this new Don *Major Weir*.

It was the People's Eſtimation
That firſt advanc'd our Reputation.
They gave us all a *Jus Divinum*,
And ſtill maintain the *Chaos primum*.
What gain'd their Love, may prove their Loathing,
Tho' *Wolves* appearing in *Sheep*'s Cloathing,
'Tis ten to one but they'll deſpiſe us,
More than they firſt did idolize us.
Should this young *Hudibras* thus taſk us,
And by thy Negligence unmaſk us;

Inſtead of Saints and only Heirs,
W' appear but painted Sepulchres.
Ah! Brother, Brother, then, alas!
If Matters come to ſuch a Paſs,
It is a diſmal Sign a Fegs
That *Presbytry*'s on its laſt Legs.

THEY ſay you'd give one Hundred Pieces,
('Tis pity but you had your Wiſhes,)
To know the Arch Malignant *Tory*
That was the Author of the Story.
We are afraid, do what we can,
That we muſt ſay, *Thou art the Man.*
'Tis our Opinion, dear Brother,
That all your *Thames* can never ſmother
This Fire that's kindled by thy Taw;
'Twill blaze the more, the more ye blaw.

† YOU ſay the Author for to puniſh,
That you will ſpend two hundred Guineas.
'Tis but a meer Bravado, Brother,
To keep the wavering Flock together.

Take

† Uſe of Exhortation.

Take our Advice, and quit this Jargon,
You'll be no Looſer by the Bargain;
'Tis this, inſtead of your Reſentment,
Careſs the Author to Contentment.
It is an eaſy Thing to do it,
He muſt be poor ſince he's a Poet:
And who among the meagre Tribe
Is *Piſtol-Proof* againſt a *Bribe*?
You have got Gear enough by *Taggy*,
And hoarded Thouſands in a *Baggy*:
O do not ſtarve the *good Old Cauſe*,
By which we've gain'd ſo much Applauſe:
Ah! Do not think we take his Part,
For we abhor him in our Heart;
And think him very bold and odd,
Thus to blaſpheme the Man of God.
And he that would ſuch things diſgorge,
Can be no Friend to good King *George*.
And yet thy Remedy of theſe
Would be as bad as the Diſeaſe.

For

For if you ſhould Reſentment ſhow,
'Twould make him ten times more your Foe.
He will not care a Fig, Pox rot him,
Though we ſhould excommunicate him.
What? You will ſpend two hundred Yellows:
On *Pettyfoggers*, *Courts*, and *Fellows*;
Whereas the Half of what you'll ſpend,
Might make the Reprobate thy Friend;
One Hundred, in our Eſtimation,
Would bribe him to a Recantation.
O! Should he ſing a *Palinody*,
'Twould make you clean as any Body.
On which Condition, in brief
We'll make him Penſioner for Life.
Thus would crack'd Conſcience and Credit
Be more effectually remeeded;
Than if you ſpend your *Gold Artillery*,
To get the Rogue into the *Pillory*:
And would more ſenſibly affect us
Than all your *Poiſons* and *Stilletto's*.

BESIDES there's nothing in 't at a',
That bears an Action in Law; Unleſs

Unleſs you (itching to be at him)
Should plead a *Scandalum magnatum.*
And to be plain, 'tis hard forſooth,
To trounſe a man for telling Truth.
And will you be ſo daft withal,
To bring him to *Weſtminſter-Hall*;
To make yourſelf a *Common Plea,*
And thereby ruin Yea and Nay:
Or muſt you Trouble the *King's-Bench,*
As oft's you kiſs a *Pocky Wench*?
Muſt others pay for your *Sculduddery,*
As once it happen'd at *Bahuddery*?
Or will you to the *Biſhop's-Court*?
Be ſure they'll ſeek no better Sport.
And ſhall a *Presbyter* appear
Before a *Prelate*? God be here!
What! Art thou grown ſo croſs and fickle,
Since your Elopement out of *Pickle*?
Thou art grown very ſour in *Souſe,*
Since you became a *powder'd Gooſe.*

Will

Will you be Saucy? Yes I warran,
Becauſe you are a *Pickle Herrin*:
But if they hang you up Mas *Gelding*,
You may become a *Findorn Spalding*.
Now to conclude our Exhortation,
Have at an *Uſe of Conſolation*.

† THO' we be ſorry for the Action,
Yet would not add to thy Affliction:
But Brother you have had your Day,
And in your Sun-ſhine made your Hay;
For you have got ſuch Wealth by Buſſing,
You need not call the King your Couſin.
It's the Intention and the End
Makes Actions good or bad, dear Friend.
Thy Meaning has been good indeed,
To propagate the *Holy Seed*.
Thy flights to *Drury* and *Damnation*,
Were to the End of *Reformation*;
Thy *Poxing* and *Invalidation*,
Ordained by *Predeſtination*.

† Uſe of Conſolation.

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